but exposed to a considerable swell from the sea. Watching the gay crowd of coloured folk on a Sunday who come here to enjoy that swell and who break the long solitude of the week, I dream my dreams. I can see the *Bounty* afloat in the Bay; I can see Captain Cook taking the queen to his arms on the shore ; I can see the gospel ship rounding the headland. I would rather that I could see a fleet of even war canoes sweeping out to sea. But even so I would fence from weeds and dogs the graves of those missionaries.